In Recital

Heather Haug, soprano

assisted by

Donna Noton, piano

Saturday, April 5, 2003 at 5:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Dir, dir, Jehova, will ich singen Kommt, Seelen, dieser Tag Gott, wie groB ist deine Gute Jesus, unser Trost und Leben	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre	George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Hark! the Ech'ing Air	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Sonntag Vergebliches Ständchen Die Mainacht	Johannes Brahms (1833- 1897)

Intermission

Fair Robin I Love (Tartuffe)	Kirke Mechem
Mai Claire de lune	Gabriel Faure (1845- 1924)
O can ye sew cushions? (Folk Song) The Salley Gardens Sweet Polly Oliver	Arr. Benjamin Britten (1913- 1976)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Haug.

Translations

Dir, dir, Jehova, will ich singen (To thee Jehova, I will sing)
To thee Jehova, I will sing now,
For where is to be found a God like thee?
To thee I will my anthems offer,

Ah, for this give my spirit s strength to me,
To do this in the name of Jesus Christ,
So that it may through him thy favor win.

O lend me, Highest, this great kindness
And surely will my singing be well done;
And fair resound will then my anthem,

As I adore thee with my soul and truth;
So let thy spirit lift my heart to thee,
That I the psalms may sing with choirs above.

Text by Bartholomaus Crasselius

Kommt, Seelen, dieser Tag (Come souls this day)
Come souls, on this day we must be holy and sing
Profess God s great deeds with newly awakened tongues!
Today the Holy Ghost has equipped many heroes.
So pray that he also will hear our hearts.

Whom God s spirit animates,
Whom God s word stirs,
Whom are nurtured by God s pious grace
Join us in singing and praising God s faithfulness
This we celebrate anew every morning.

Text by Valentin Ernst Loscher

Gott, wie Groß ist deine Güte (God, how great is your goodness)
God, how great is your goodness, my heart tastes its sweetness
Ah, how it refreshes my spirit, when pain and death frighten me.
When something bothers me, when my sin weigh heavily upon me
You love saves me and your eyes look upon me with forgiveness.
I stand with confidence for you against Hell.
Therefore I ask for your goodness, your grace and eternal faithfulness,
O my father, protect me that I shall not be forsaken.
Strengthen me with your spirit when I am full of sorrow, but above all,
Strengthen my faith, allow me to taste the fruit of your promises,
And take me to heaven when it is time.

Text by Georg Christian Schemelli

Jesu, unser Trost und Leben (Jesus our comfort and life)
Jesus our comfort and life, who suffered death but overcame it with might.
He escaped the bonds of death and the victorious sovereign arose. Hallelujah!
All the world is rejuvenated and renewed and now rejoices.
Everybody wears robes of rejoicing, the sea quivers with joy.
Mountains and valleys far and wide resound in one voice, Hallelujah!

Text by Ernst Christoph Homburg

Sonntag (Sunday)
So it is by now a whole long week
That I have not seen my sweet love;
I saw her on a Sunday
As she stood before her door,
The thousand fold lovely maiden,
The thousand fold lovely darling.
Would to God that I was with her today.
Then for a whole long week
My joy would not end.
I saw her on a Sunday
As she went to church.
Would to God that I was with her today!

Folk Text
Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Vergebliches Standchen (A futile Serenade)
(He) Good evening, my Sweetheart,
Good evening, my child,
Love brings me to you,

Oh, open the door for me!
(She) My door is locked,
I won t let you in.
Mother gives good advice,
If you should come in,
T would all be over with me!

(He) So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart freezes,
And my love will be extinguished;
Open for me, my child!

(She) If your love dies,
Let it perish!
Let it perish, never mind;
Go home to bed, to sleep,
Good night, my lad,
Good night, Good night, my lad!
Folk Text
Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Die Mainacht (The May night)
When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs,
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

When, oh smiling image, that like dawn
Shines upon my soul, when shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning down my cheek.
Text by Holty
Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Mai (May)
Since May in full flower in the meadows is calling us,
Come; do not weary of mingling your soul
With the countryside, the woods, the charming shadows,
The wide patches of moonlight by the shore of the sleeping billows,
The patch that ends where the road begins,
And the air and the spring and the immense horizon,
The horizon that this world attaches, humble and joyful,
Like a lip to the bottom of the sky s dress.
Come, and may the gaze of the chaste stars
Which falls upon the earth through so many veils,
May the tree, penetrated with scents and songs,
May the blazing breath of noon in the fields,
And the shadow and sun, water and greenery,
And the radiance of all nature
Make, like a double flower,
Beauty blossom on your forehead and love in your heart!
Poem by Victor Hugo
Translation by Perry Gethner

Claire de lune (Moonlight)
Your soul is a select landscape
That is being charmed by maskers and bergamasks,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad under their whimsical disguises.
Although singing in a minor key
Of conquering love and seasonable life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the moonlight,
In the calm, sad and beautiful moonlight,
That makes the birds dream in the trees
And the fountains sob with rapture,
The big slender fountains amidst the marble statues.
Poem by Paul Verlaine
Translations by Perry Gethner